

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 66.

JULY, 1940.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

P. HORSEMAN, M. AUSTIN, STEWART.

Editorial.

This term we have to record an event which has brought deep sorrow to past and present scholars alike. In the early hours of Sunday morning, April 7th, two days after the Spring term had ended, Miss Edith Deans, our Senior Mistress, died, after a painful illness which had prevented her from attending school since last July. The funeral service was held on April 10th, in Alcester Parish Church. Among the chief mourners was Miss Evans, and among the many others present were Mr. and Mrs. E. Wells, Miss Wells, and members of the Sixth and Upper Fifth, with Mr. Caton, Mr. Hall, Mr. Walker and Mr. Druller. The coffin was borne by six old scholars, J. Brookes, C. Bunting, F. Duxbury, A. Finnemore, G. Horton and H. Thomas.

Miss Deans came to Alcester in February, 1912, as Senior Mistress, when the present co-educational school was opened, and so held the position for twenty-eight years. During the whole of that period she taught French, but old scholars will remember that for many years she took charge of the singing and the girls' gymnastics. Her firm yet kindly discipline earned her the respect of her many pupils, who found in her also a friend to whom they

could always turn for sound advice and assistance. As Senior Mistress she kept a watchful eye on all that concerned the girls and did not spare herself in her efforts for their interests and welfare. She was devoted to the school; its good name and reputation meant very much to her, as those who worked with her know well.

She associated herself very closely with the school activities of the girls. All will remember how hard she worked in organising the Arts and Crafts competitions year by year; how efficiently she arranged school teas for the girls' tennis tournaments and other such functions; with what attention to the minutest detail she organised those visits to France. In everything she set an example of thoroughness and method, being unsparing of time and effort. She played a large part in the successful running of the Musical Society, training school talent and herself taking part in the concerts.

Miss Deans' interest in girls and boys did not cease when they left school. She was one of those who helped to inaugurate the Old Scholars' Guild, and in its early days she acted for some years as its honorary treasurer. Her keen interest was displayed by her regular attendance at Reunions. The appreciation of the Guild was shown when she was elected President for the year 1931-32.

All of us will miss Miss Deans' untiring and cheerful personality, but we shall retain very happy memories of a Senior Mistress who had dedicated her life to her work. The influence of her example will last for a long time.

School Register.

Valete.

*Hill, J. M. (Upp. V.), 1935-40	Edwards, P. H. (Upp. IV), 1935-40
Barker, J. H. (Low V), 1936-40	Nall, E. M. (Upp. IV), 1937-40
Kirkham, D. I. (Low V), 1937-40	Steele, A.G.M. (Upp. IV), 1936-40
Rees, D. W. (Low V), 1931-40	Hughes, E. (Low IV), 1939-40
Taberman, G. M. (Low V), 1939-40	Skinner, J. E. (Shell), 1939-40
Trotman, K. M. (Low. V), 1938-40	Taberman, J. E. (Shell), 1939-40
Ayles, J. B. (Upp. IV), 1938-40	Clayton, J. J. (III), 1939-40

**Prefect.*

Salvete.

Beard, P. H. (Rem.)	Hunt, D. J. (I.)
Cook, R. M. (Rem.)	Lambon, A. B. (Shell).
Gray, J. A. W. (Rem.)	Thomas, C. D. L. (III.)
Howes, G. M. (Rem.)	Thompson, B. D. (I.)

There have been 213 pupils in attendance this term.

Old Scholars' Guild News.

PRESIDENT—Mr. C. T. L. Caton.

HON. SEC.—R. B. Biddle. HON. TREAS.—W. G. Hunt.

The success which attended the holding of the Winter Reunion, despite the unfavourable circumstances, has largely influenced the committee in their decision to hold the Summer Reunion as usual this year. The date chosen is Saturday, July 27th, but if that day is wet, the Reunion will be held on the following Saturday, August 3rd.

As in recent years, the annual cricket match with the school will be played in the afternoon, and this is timed to start at 2.30 p.m. A tennis tournament (entrance fee 2s. per couple) has also been arranged, and Old Scholars who wish to play are asked to send in their names to the secretary by Saturday, July 20th, accompanied by the entrance fee. For the less energetic members of the Guild, clock golf and croquet will be available. Buffer tea will be served at 5 p.m. The usual indoor sports will be provided until supper. During supper the business meeting will be conducted. It is feared that the Reunion may have to end at 10 p.m., owing to the increased difficulties of blacking-out the school, but the committee feel that the Guild will appreciate the reasons for this enforced break from the usual routine.

It has been suggested that a testimonial fund to the memory of our great friend and past president, the late Miss Deans, should be started, and certain donations have already been received. The matter will be put before the Guild at the Reunion, when any suggestions will be very welcome.

Ties, of which the sales have fallen considerably, are still available, and may be obtained from the secretary at 2s. 9d. each. Application should be made at 43, Priory Road, Alcester.

We wish to point out that in view of increased postage rates and the great need for economy of paper, no separate invitations will be sent out this year. This will, therefore, be the only notice of the Reunion, and readers are asked to communicate the date to friends who are not subscribers. To scholars just leaving school a particular welcome is extended, and it is hoped that as many as possible will come along.

We hear with much regret that Aircraftman (1st Class) Frank Hands (scholar 1930-36) has been reported missing.

A football match with the school, playing twelve a side, on March 16th, resulted in a draw of four goals each. The Guild was represented by R. C. Baylis, A. Baylis, S. Biddle, E. Chat-taway, R. Down, N. Green, W. Hunt, F. Shrimpton, P. G. Smith, S. Styler, J. Whitehouse and K. Woods.

In a hockey match played on the same afternoon, an Old Scholars' XI beat the School by 2 goals to 1. The team was B. Bomford, Molly Bomford, R. Bunting, M. Cowper, B. Harris, L. Heath, E. Holder, Jean Holder, N. Jackson, I. Staff and Joyce Taylor.

Congratulations to K. Woods on his not out century for Alcester and Ragley 2nd XI.

Birth.

On April 12th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Banks (nee Barbara Wells) —a daughter.

Marriages.

On March 23rd, at Alvechurch, Donald John Pitt to Kathleen Joan Morom (scholar 1926-1932).

On April 6th, at Kinwarton, William Banham Snell to Eleanor Joyce Finnemore (scholar 1919-1927).

On May 11th, at Weston-under-Wetherley, Ivor Blaxland Licence to Margaret Eileen Lane (scholar 1921-32).

On July 6th, at Exhall, Henry R. Smith (scholar 1923-28) to Elizabeth Bomford (scholar 1925-28).

Death.

On April 7th, at Alcester, Edith Deans (Staff, 1912-40), aged 56 years.

With the Colours.

The following is the third list of Old Scholars who, according to information that has reached the school, are serving with the Forces.

W. R. Alexander, R.A.F.
J. E. Chambers, Private, R.A.S.C.
E. Chattaway, R.A.F.
G. Horton, Private, R.A.S.C.
G. C. Luker, Signaller, Royal Corps of Signals.
H. E. Yates, Gunner, R.A.

The School 'Bus.

It might well be remarked that the very existence of a School 'Bus is an accusation against the present generation. Modern boys and girls, it may be said, are too lazy to cycle or walk to school—they must go by 'bus. In this, as in everything, they are spoon-fed. The fact that they have to be conveyed to school in a 'bus might very well—and indeed often is—levelled accusingly against that mysterious entity known as the modern generation.

But what our much-to-be respected parents and elders so often forget is that the School 'Bus gets pupils to school in a much shorter time, and brings them home much faster than a bicycle, thus giving them longer than ever to devote to homework. When I used to cycle, journeys to and from school were something to be lingered out as much as possible. They were a sort of breathing space ; since one could not be accused of idling or devoting oneself to pleasure—for the journeys were after all, for strictly business purposes—yet the work involved was insignificant in proportion to the pleasure. Now, alas, we rattle up the Priory almost before we realise the day has started. Can no one spare a little sympathy for the poor spoonfed generation of to-day ?

And yet I would not give the impression that the School 'Bus is an entirely modern institution. When I first came to A.G.S. the School 'bus was very much in existence, although " 'bus line " consisted merely of a few forlorn-looking individuals standing in the corridor. Nowadays, as regards the girls at any rate—there are two quite imposing lines, and they take up residence in the Hall at 3.50 promptly every afternoon. A little later the interested spectator may behold the two lines proceeding down the path,

one after another, moving with considerable speed, though not always, I fear, with dignity, in spite of the efforts of members of the upper School, who always enter the 'bus with an air of lordly indifference as though they don't really care which seat they sit in.

The School 'Bus—it has an atmosphere all its own. In ordinary 'buses, the passengers sit silently and aloof. Not so in the School 'bus, for it bears passengers for whom the greatest hardship in the world is to sit silently. There is always something comforting in familiar objects, and the sight of the School 'bus, though it may be about to bear us to School Certificate examinations and all kinds of horrors, is nevertheless a comforting sight. Whatever else fails us, the School 'bus is—more or less—punctual. Perhaps the person who takes my place in the pages of the "Record" will be inspired to write a poem about the School 'Bus—who knows?

P.R.H.

Am I Going Too?

We are off on our summer vacation
This morning, and when I say "we,"
When the family start for the station,
Will one of the party be *me*?
Now the last of the luggage they're strapping,
And I'm in no end of a stew,
And they order me, "Carlo, stop yapping!"
But I'm asking, "Am I going too?"

Oh, what shall I do if they leave me
Behind, in some stranger's cold care?
Oh, don't they know how it grieves me
Not to hear, "All right boy, you'll be there."
I search Mary's face while I puzzle
To read my dog's fate in her eye,
But she's just dropped a kiss on my muzzle—
Does that mean she is saying good-bye?

But master's just gone to the table
Sat down there, and picked up a pen,
He's writing out something—a LABEL,
Which he carries towards me, and then—
Though I can't read it, being no scholar,
He's saying, "There, you're ready now,"
And the label's been tied to my collar—
So *I am* going too—Oh, Bow-wow!

C. A. STANLEY (Upp. V.)

Mrs. Brown Undertakes a Journey by Train.

It wasn't that Mrs. Brown hadn't travelled by train before. She had once in her early infancy been taken by her dear parents, now deceased, for a short trip on a train. In those days trains were still a novelty. Mrs. Brown, after a lapse of about half a century, had once more been obliged to travel by rail.

On the day before the hazardous journey, Mrs. Brown and her daughter Elizabeth were already packing their trunks. "Put the biscuits, the sal-volatile, the smelling salts and the raspberry vinegar into the carpet bag, Elizabeth," ordered Mrs. Brown. Bridget the Irish maid then entered and inquired, "How about a bit of dinner, Ma'am?"

"How can you suggest dinner when we are so busy," stormed Mrs. Brown.

"Saints alive!" exclaimed Bridget, "Why 'tis but a matter of twenty English miles ye have to go, and for shure your train don't go till tomorrow afternoon."

To satisfy Bridget, Elizabeth asked for two poached eggs, which she and her mother ate in the manner of the Israelites setting out for the Red Sea. Then they repacked for about the fifth time to make sure they had not forgotten anything, and after Mrs. Brown had hidden the case containing the silver teaspoons, and rung up the fire brigade and the police station to tell them where the case was in case of a fire, they went, tired and worn out, to bed.

At twelve o'clock next morning they were sitting waiting at the railway station. After partaking of currant buns and diluted raspberry vinegar, Mrs. Brown said, "Just let us close our eyes and not think of the journey ahead of us."

Some time afterwards a porter strolled past. After prematurely pressing into his hand the twopence-halfpenny she assigned as a suitable tip for porters, Mrs. Brown asked, "Young man, could you tell me when the 2.30 will be due?"

"Not just at present, ma'am," he said. "In fact, there won't be no two-thirty till about that time tomorrow."

Musings of a "Parashot."

I wish this hill were less remote from civilisation and the rest of the world. A little companionship would lighten the pall of gloom that threatens to descend on me and . . . Stop! Did someone call? No, it was only the wind or an owl. I am beginning to realise that, after all, I am not the stuff of which heroes are made. My wife and children strongly support this view. Ah! the thought gives me new courage. I'll show 'em! Creak! Who said that bodily discomfort is food for the soul? This camp-bed is too heavy a meal for one poor mortal. Judging from the acute agony, mental and physical, which I am now experiencing, it is designed on much the same principles as the rack: it guards most effectively against sound sleep. A suspicious thought strikes me . . . perhaps that is why the others were so anxious for me to have it.

Despite my uncomfortable resting-place, I seem to be drifting into slumber. Dreams of 'planes, parachutists and torture chambers float before me. The torturers cast themselves upon me! I awake with a start to find the bed quite covered with leaves. I begin to ponder over past experiences. The other night I was on duty in a graveyard. I experience a delightful shudder as I think of it. The place was very quiet and peaceful, as might be expected, but after all one can have too much of a good thing. At the end of the first two hours or so, the very gravestones took feet unto themselves and began to march towards me in a dignified parade. My few remaining hairs stand erect as I recall the horror of the moment. Nothing like that in this spot, I hastily tell myself, taking a hurried glance around for confirmation. I find none. I search for reassuring arguments but my fund of eloquence seems to have dried up. I whistle, but it is a forlorn attempt.

A familiar sound comes to my ears—mosquitos are abroad, seeking whom they may devour. I prepare to do battle, but find my strength not equal to the task, and lie down again thinking that they probably won't notice me. My thoughts revolve around home. How cheerful a fire must look! The cold wind blowing round my ears seems to make the vision brighter and I sigh languidly. How slowly time passes up here. My watch reveals the fact that there are two more weary hours to be spent up here. I assure myself hopefully, that "Tomorrow is a lovely day," and fall to counting trees to pass the intervening time away. Four hundred and ninety-nine . . . I glance again at my watch and find the appointed hour has come. I can now gather up my baggage and thankfully depart.

AN L.D.V.

Notes and News.

The cricket captain is Collins i; the tennis captain is M. Crompton.

New prefects this term are M. Austin, P. Cresswell, E. Evans and C. Stanley.

On March 28th, a lecture on Stage Costume illustrated by slides was given to the Sixth, Upper and Lower Fifth and the Upper Fourth by Miss Margaret Haig.

A programme of three plays was staged on two occasions during the last week of the Spring Term, first for the lower part and afterwards for the upper part of the school. The plays presented were "Kings in Nomania" by Lower Fourth), "All on a Summer's Day" (by Shell), and "The King's Highway" (by Remove).

The Mile race, run on Wednesday, April 3rd, over the Alcester Heath course, was won by Robinson.

The following presentations were made at the end of term assembly on Friday, April 5th :—Hockey colours to P. Cresswell, B. Dew and G. Miles; Football colours to Edwards, Houghton and Portman i; Hockey stick (for improvement) to J. Blakeman; Football (for improvement) to Portman i.

Summer Term opened on Monday, April 22nd.

We were sorry to learn of Miss Phillip's accident during the holidays, but were glad that she had sufficiently recovered to return at the beginning of the second week of term.

This term we welcome Miss E. M. Barrett, who joined the Staff on April 24th, to take charge of French.

Mrs. Adams, who has had charge of the girls' gymnastics and games, left on May 3rd to take up a full time appointment. In her place we welcome Mrs. J. S. Wood, who joined the Staff on May 21st.

On May 17th, Mr. J. M. Cameron, who had been appointed temporarily last term to succeed Mr. Cook, left to join the Forces. His successor, Mr. G. P. Compton, took up his appointment on June 24th.

A lecture on evolution was given by Mr. Rountree on Friday, April 26th, to the Upper School.

Speech Day, postponed from last term, was held on Thursday, May 2nd. The certificates were presented and the address given by Sir Norman Angell.

The Cross Country races were run over the usual courses on Wednesday, April 24th, the senior race being won by Robinson, and the junior by Hunt i.

The School photograph was taken on Monday, May 6th.

A lecture on Careers was given on Thursday, May 9th, to senior girls and a number of parents by Miss Perfect, of the Students' Careers Association.

Owing to the international situation, the Whitsuntide holiday was curtailed, school reassembling on Whit Tuesday, instead of the following day.

During the term, senior pupils and the staff have attended lectures by Mr. Moss and displays of fire fighting and the use of the stirrup pump, at the local A.R.P. centre. Opportunities have also been afforded for pupils themselves to have practical experience in extinguishing fires and in dealing with incendiary bombs.

Sports Day was Thursday, June 6th. Mention should be made of the proud record of Mr. A. J. Gwinnett. In his capacity as reporter for the "Alcester Chronicle" he has attended every Sports Day since the school opened, and we believe that we are correct in stating that his record is unequalled. We hope that he will be present at many more of the School's Sports Days.

Half term holiday was taken on Friday and Monday, June 7th and 10th.

Two visits have been made this term to plays during the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon. On Thursday, June 13th, the Lower Fifth and Upper Fourth saw "Merchant of Venice;" and on the following Thursday the Upper Fifth attended a performance of "As You Like It." On both occasions Miss Powell and Mr. Druller accompanied the parties.

Congratulations to Phyllis Horseman (the head girl) who has been awarded a Warwickshire County Major Scholarship. She will be proceeding to Oxford next term.

Our best thanks to Mr. A. J. Gwinnett for a collection of rock specimens; also to Mr. Dales for a large parcel of books.

The proceeds of the sale of scholars' work on Sports Day, amounting to £3 10s. 7d., was sent to the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Fund.

Six demonstrations of war time cookery are being given on Mondays to parents and friends in the Domestic Science Room.

The tennis tournament for girls of the Upper School took place on Friday, June 28th, and that for the junior girls on Friday, July 5th.

Armed with butterfly and pond-nets, jam-jars, bags, gas masks and lunch, Remove, with Miss Weatherup, enjoyed a Nature outing from 11.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. on June 20th. Flowers of the meadow, hedgerow and wood, as well as grasses were collected. The pond yielded a variety of life, from newts and dragon-fly babies to water boatmen and May-fly larvae. A moorhen, a swan with cygnet, a young frog and a dead mole claimed attention. Trees were made a special study. It was altogether a very successful outing.

The sum of £2 3s. 3d. has been collected for the Warwickshire Ambulance Fund.

Oxford Higher School Certificate examinations began on July 4th, the School Certificate examinations on July 11th.

The Summer Term ends on Friday, July 26th.

Doing Nothing.

I am a lazy person. Some people call me a very lazy person, while others are not so considerate in their remarks. Knowing this, it does not require any great exertion of mental powers to realise that I am fond of doing nothing, perhaps a little too fond. Doing nothing, however, is an art, and if one has not the gift of doing nothing successfully it requires great concentration and years of practice to become at all skilful at it.

One hot, lazy afternoon in July I was indulging in this fascinating pastime of doing nothing, while sitting on a five bar gate half-way up the hill, which overlooks a small village in this neighbourhood. The main road sweeps down the hill until it comes to the sign of "The Fox and Goose" at the bottom; then it appears to hesitate, but makes up its mind resolutely, bends and decides to go on.

I think the time must have been round about a quarter to two, for suddenly a dark, shapeless mass came hurtling down the hill, reached the "Fox and Goose," divided into two parts—one half disappearing entirely—and I was left gazing at that priceless antique, the tricycle belonging to the oldest inhabitant. About fifteen minutes later this grand figure of a man came out of the "Fox and Goose" and began pushing his machine up the hill.

As he passed the time of day with me I could not help feeling that there was something strangely unfamiliar about his appearance. Noticing my puzzled expression he remarked, "So you'm wonderin' weir they be gone, too. Oi tell 'ee it 'adn't oughter be allowed, making me cut 'em orf when they wouldn't goo into that there contraption (jabbing a finger viciously at the square cardboard box which dangled by a piece of string from the handlebars) an' me wot bin acultivatn of 'em fur twenty years cum Michaelmus." He moved off still muttering savagely under his breath about "that their mon."

Silence reigned and I was able to devote more attention to the highly complicated process of doing nothing for the next ten minutes. At the end of that time however, about two dozen cyclists came down the hill like a swarm of locusts. Their noses scraping the front wheel, they looked neither to the right nor left as they descended on that village in the heart of rural England. As I looked after their rapidly disappearing figures I promised myself that next time I would bring a catapult or possibly a few darts, just in case I tired of doing nothing and desired a little—shall we say—sport?

A. JOHNSON (Upper V).

Three Men in a Boat.

Dark clouds are sweeping over, but pass unnoticed by that deep, placid "Ol man ribber," which gently winds through leafy Warwickshire. Against this background is silhouetted a long line of coal trucks which stretch far away to the horizon. Unfortunately these trucks are a formidable obstacle to those three mariners who seek peace and quiet on the rippling waters of the Alne. The obvious procedure would be to uncouple one truck and push the others gently away. Our practical knowledge informed us that in order to perform this task a superhuman effort would be needed. We also found that the trucks were too heavy to lift off the rails, and we were forced to abandon the idea of moving them. By performing unbelievable contortions, we eventually succeeded in carrying our noble vessel under the buffers of two adjoining trucks.

We reached the newly-constructed docks, and skilfully launched the craft. Amid cheers from a typically English crowd, we moved swiftly downstream, the gentle swish and plop of the paddles mingling with the buzz and chatter of the animal world. Our journey is never without incident and the few ardent anglers who never catch anything always glare at us malevolently. There are many things in this world made to be seen and not used; water lilies are prominent members of such a class, generally spreading themselves over the whole width of the river and blocking the way.

Meanwhile one of the three decides to sample the water. He gingerly steps in and immediately remarks how warm it is, and that the other two are very foolish not to go in as well. In the shallower stretches he decides to walk along the bed of the river, finding various things in the process, notably a thorn bush. Here we should mention that we are accompanied on our travels by two small dogs. Great excitement therefore occurs when the enemy, in the form of either water rats or swans, are sighted of the port bow. A peculiar thing about dogs is that they always want to be in a different place from where they are. Suddenly, there appear frantic upheavals from the bottom of the boat, which rolls violently, while a brown head suddenly shows itself above deck and barks defiance at the enemy. On occasions they decide to send a boarding party, and consequently plunge in to engage the foe at close quarters.

By this time everyone is feeling hungry and the boat is skilfully run into a small harbour and made fast to the bank. On landing, the immediate procedure is to decapitate the nettles. The next task is to unload ship, and in the process find out

what we have forgotten. When a list of these has been made, one is immediately despatched to procure the missing articles. Meanwhile the remaining two wrap themselves up in the tent. By the time the messenger returns, they have succeeded in erecting the tent ; that does not mean that it is safe for habitation, but nevertheless the knowledge that it is up creates a great deal of confidence. Our two worthy watchers, not deigning to share our troubles, have succeeded in crossing the river, after stirring up a considerable amount of methane.

After we have been fortified we look for the dogs ; about an hour and a half later we start for home. The current is against us this time, and the gurgle and splash of the water against the bow mingles with the sougling of the breeze playing through the reeds and rushes. As we glide gently homeward the cattle pause to gaze at us, and the flop of a fish is heard faintly in the distance as night steals gently over the valley, and only peace remains.

ITSBA.

The Adventures of a Barrage Balloon.

It was good fun being hoisted into the fresh air, but I found I was not as strong as I expected. I had hoped to be able to pull the lorry and the men off the ground, but no such thing happened. In fact it did not take me long to realise that the lorry and the men were stronger than I was.

The second night I was not so comfortable. One of those abominable machines called aeroplanes came over and bumped into me. The propeller caught me and ripped a jagged hole in my side. I suppose it must have been one of those German planes we hear about so much now. Anyway I sank to the ground very quickly. To mend me they opened a sort of trap-door and two women got in and commenced to repair me strongly. I wanted very much to tip them over, or some such thing because they tickled me.

Once again air was pumped into me and I was hoisted again. This time I found I was a little stronger. I pulled and pulled at the wire ropes, when suddenly to my joy they broke from the lorry. At once I began to float away. I saw a horrid sight as I looked down. My trailing ropes were pulling over people. There were injured ones lying on the ground, but I did not care.

I floated on but suddenly I felt a jerk, and I found I was caught and was being rapidly towed towards the earth. Too late ; I could not stop myself.

Well, I have to go on duty now, so that's all till the next time.

ELIZABETH HARRIS (Lower IV.)

Sports Day, 1940.

This year we were favoured with brilliant sunshine on Sports Day, which was held on June 6th. It was a successful day in every respect, and although the sun was very hot, the races were run with their usual vigour, and the competition was keen. To shorten the programme some events were held before the day and the proceedings opened half-an-hour earlier than usual. Our thanks are again due to Mr. Hall for preparing the field, and for his usual expert organisation of the heats and races.

The Sports programme, which was ended well before time with the three-team relay race, was followed by a gym display by the senior girls, and a display of dancing by the children of the preparatory. The cup, shields, etc., were presented by Dr. Spencer. Proceedings were brought to a close by the singing of the School song and "God Save the King." Congratulations must be given to Robinson for winning the cup with 83 points, and to the Tomtits for winning the Sports shield.

The results were as follows :—

SENIORS (over 14).

100 Yards.—1 Mahoney, 2 Webb, 3 Stewart, 4 Goode.
220 Yards.—1 Mahoney, 2 Webb, 3 Collins i, 4 Sutor.
Half Mile.—1 Robinson, 2 Heard, 3 Midlane, 4 Farquhar.
440 Yards.—1 Robinson, 2 Booker, 3 Midlane, 4 Webb.
Hurdles.—1 Collins i, 2 Midlane, 3 Booker, 4 Robinson.
Obstacle.—1 Devey, 2 Webb, 3 Houghton, 4 Booker.
Slow Bicycle.—1 Ison, 2 Mahoney, Heard and Portman 3.
High Jump.—1 Heard, 2 Midlane, 3 Collins i, 4 Robinson.
Cross Country (5 miles).—1 Robinson, 2 Heard, 3 Farquhar, 4 Collins i
The Mile.—1 Robinson, 2 Farquhar, 3 Collett, 4 Midlane.
Long Jump.—1 Robinson, 2 Webb, 3 Collins i, 4 Mahoney.
Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1 Robinson and Heard (tie), 3 Portman,
4 Collins i.
Consolation Race.—1 Collett, 2 Price, 3 Sutor, 4 Ison.

JUNIORS (12 to 14).

100 Yards.—1 Wall, 2 Sharp, 3 Harris i, 4 Toye.
220 Yards.—1 Toye, 2 Wall, 3 Harris i, 4 Burns.
Half Mile.—1 Arnold ii, 2 Toye, 3 Wall, 4 Hunt i.
Hurdles.—1 Arnold ii, 2 Hunt i, 3 Sharp, 4 Wall.
Obstacle.—1 Hunt i, 2 Wall, 3 Harris i, 4 Arnold ii.
Slow Bicycle.—1 Harris i, 2 Toye, 3 Hunt i, 4 Bryan.
High Jump.—1 Richards, 2 Arnold ii, 3 Hunt i, 4 Chatterley.
Cross Country (3 miles).—1 Hunt i, 2 Arnold ii, 3 Wall, 4 Sharp.
Long Jump.—1 Bryan, 2 Richards, 3 Harris i, 4 Hunt i.
Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1 Bryan, 2 Freeling, 3 Hunt i, 4 Hillman.
Consolation Race.—1 Bryan, 2 Burns, 3 Ore ii, 4 Eadie i.

JUNIORS (under 12).

100 Yards.—1 Cassell, 2 Gittus, 3 Moizer, 4 Dew i.

Egg and Spoon.—1 Cassell, 2 Budden, 3 Bamford, 4 Drinkwater.

Sack.—1 Bamford, 2 Moizer, 3 Drinkwater, 4 Eadie ii.

Obstacle.—1 Moizer, 2 Hancox, 3 Cook, 4 Aspinwall.

Three-legged.—1 Pace and Eadie ii, 2 Budden and Dew i, 3 Aspinwall and Dybeck, 4 Hancox and Dew ii.

OTHER EVENTS.

Skipping Race (Girls).—1 M. Irving, 2 A Villers, 3 D. Harris, 4 M. Rowland.

Tug-of War.—1 Brownies, 2 Tomtits, 3 Jackals.

Relay Race.—1 Brownies, 2 Tomtits, 3 Jackals.

No actual medals were awarded this year, but the successful athletes received War Savings Stamps to the value of the medals, and a certificate showing that they had obtained the necessary points.

The following presentations were made :—

Victor Ludorum Sports Cup.—Robinson (83 points).

Silver Medals.—Hunt i, Mahoney, Arnold ii, Heard, Collins i, Webb, Midlane and Wall.

Bronze Medals.—Farquhar, Cassell, Richards, Booker, Harris i, Moizer, Bryan and Toye.

Sports Shield.—1 Tomtits (311 points), 2 Jackals (300 points), 3 Brownies (298 points). S. K. W.

Sports Day Indoors.

In spite of the war, the only competitions affected were the cookery. The deficiency in this respect was however mitigated by the cakes made by the girls in forms Upper IV and Lower V. The number of needlework entries was large, and the standard set was very high.

This year there was a novel art competition, that of soap carving. The resultant entries were decorative, in spite of wasted soap and cut fingers. The war posters and historical illustrations were striking. The new history room showed up the historical models and dolls to the best possible advantage. With all the additional space it was possible to display them clearly in their age groups. The competition was very keen, both in the dolls and the models. Woodwork and clay models were also displayed in the new history room.

After very keen competition the Arts and Crafts shield was won by the Jackals with 1024 points, the Brownies were second with 921 points, and the Tomtits third with 451 points.

The Arts and Crafts medals were awarded as follows :—

Trophy to Mary Williams (284 points).

Silver Medals to M. Crompton (229), K. Wilson (129), F. Evans (111), E. Henson (72), D. Horseman (67), G. Miles (64), E. Evans (63), Walker (61), J. Plesters (60).

Bronze Medals to P. Horseman (59), J. Reynolds (55), C. Sanders (54), Wilkes (37), J. Hill (36), J. Hansell (34), O. Davies (34). M.C.

Home Defence.

Father is always partial to any innovation, and when Air Raid Precautions were first introduced into this country he was very enthusiastic indeed. Nearly every day since the war began things to guard against air raids have been arriving at our house.

The first thing to arrive was our Anderson shelter. At least, when it arrived it was an Anderson shelter, but now, after father has planted it in the garden and attached a periscope arrangement, which, he claims, will enable you to spot any parachutists without leaving the shelter, it looks more like the Rock of Gibraltar, and sad to say, during those wet days of January it was surrounded by just as much water.

Not only is father enthusiastic, but he thinks that the rest of the household are also. I do not say that we are not, but we have not got the zest which father has. Every week he springs a surprise air raid on us, and we have to troop down to the shelter and stay there until he has given the "all clear." Then the next day he is down at the local boasting to his friends of how his family got under cover in thirty seconds. Then again he has had us practise fire fighting as a protection against incendiary bombs, so much so that we are enough to turn a team of professionals green with envy. He has even suggested that we should sleep in our gas masks, because he says that we might get an air raid any minute that we are sleeping. We complained of this idea and managed to put it out of his head.

Father has also taken drastic steps to protect the house from air raids. At present his efforts have been concentrated on decorating all the windows with strips of paper, and laying an inch or two of sand on the floors of the upper storey, which, he explains with a voice of authority, prevents the incendiary bombs from burning right through the floor boards.

So this A.R.P. business goes on in our house. None of us complain, because we know that what father is doing is the right thing. Since the war began he has adopted the scout motto of "Be Prepared," and he is carrying it out to the last letter, and I am sure that if ever there is a house ready to meet the attacks of the Junkers, Heinkels and Messerschmitts, then it is ours.

W. D. (Upper V.).

Gone to Earth.

Alas, why wander ye forlorn
And sad, with dismal downcast eyes
Your hair dishevelled, coat torn
And pay no heed to these blue skies?

Do you not hear the linnet sing
Nor see the woodland violet meek?
The world is glad with everything;
What is it you so keenly seek?

Do you search for the dim moonshine
On the silent shimmering sea,
Or a discreet shy celandine,
Unhappy one, what can it be?

He turns; and, tortured with despair
Staring at me with ghastly look
Replies, with a dramatic air—
O woe the day—my ration book!

D. J. H.

Memories of Early Childhood.

There are so many things which I did when I was quite young which have recently recurred to me with great clearness. There were the times when my sister would chase me round the garden with a worm or a frog because she knew how frightened I was of them; also to impress me with her bravery. Once we spent weeks and weeks digging a fish pond in the orchard only to find that when we filled the small hole we had dug with water it all ran out. I remember our disappointment and bewilderment until we realised that the inside should have been concreted for the water to stay in.

Then I recall the time when father tried to smoke some wasps out of a nest, and a little later when we had a snake hunt. We watched both these proceedings with great interest and not too great bravery, standing a safe distance away ourselves, but quite willing to urge on everybody else and to give them directions what to do next.

I remember well the time when my sister and I had one doll given to us, which we were to share, instead of having one each. Neither of us trusted the other with it unless we were on the scene, but one day having decided to wash it I proceeded to the bathroom. However, I was so vigorous that I dropped it straight into the empty bath, where it lay in pieces. I do not think I shall ever forget the distress the smashing of that doll caused.

One time when my cousin was staying with us we read in a book about midnight feasts. All through one day we carefully smuggled things from our meals, upstairs, and stored them in a box under our bed. When we went to bed my cousin and I took our hoard into the room where my sister was sleeping, and we took some cups and plates from a miniature tea set. We were just starting when mother, hearing the noise, came to see what we were doing. We ran into our room and in one leap were in bed. She came into our room where we were trying to look innocent. Suddenly a plate fell on to the floor, rolled right in front of her and fell down at her feet. That, I am afraid, was the end of our 'feast.'

Yet another time we decided we would get up early, light the fire and cook the breakfast before anybody else got up. The next morning, accordingly, we got up early, dressed without a noise, and, carrying our shoes, proceeded downstairs. Unfortunately we had to go through father's room to get to the landing, but in spite of that I think we might have got through safely if at the precise moment we were passing the end of the bed I had not seen the funny side of the situation and burst out laughing. Then as father pointed out to us the foolishness of trying to get up first when we certainly should not be able to light the fire or cook the breakfast by ourselves, we very reluctantly undressed and got back to bed until everybody else was up.

There are many other incidents which I can remember very clearly. The first time I saw our own pony, the first we had had. The first time I learned to ride a bicycle; the puppy I was given for a birthday present, the excitement when I went to the pantomime and I was thrown a "Man Friday" from the stage; the parties I went to; the first time I went to the seaside; when I went to Madame Tussaud's at London. All these have made a lasting impression on my mind, together with many more things very trivial now, but which seemed very important when they happened.

E. M. E. (Upper V).

The Rain.

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,
Down comes the rain,
Falling on the housetops,
And on the plain.

Sometimes it is useful,
And sometimes it is bad,
It helps the little flowers grow,
But makes the children sad.

JOAN BEACHUS (Form III).

Fishing.

I often, during summer months, go fishing with my father. We cycle on our tandem, which is much easier than single cycles, as I can sometimes take it comfortably and not work too hard.

Now, I am not very interested in fishing, but I like the country and the river. I take a book with me to occupy my mind when I am not watching my father opening tins of maggots and worms. But the part of our expedition I like best is to listen to the stories told by men who come to talk to my father about the large fish they have caught at different places (never at the place they are at present fishing). Most of the time these men stand with one finger resting well up the shoulder of the opposite arm, and sometimes they have both arms stretched wide open. Now one day while this was going on my father did really catch a fish, and excitement there was among these men. "It's a beauty," they said, and they all got down on hands and knees to measure and weigh this fish. Sometime afterwards I was able to see this fish myself. It was about twelve inches long (including its large head and tail), and three or four inches wide. I afterwards asked what this fish had to do with fingers well past elbows, etc., but got no reliable answer. Can anyone give me this?

DOROTHY JONES (Form III).

Grey Owl.

Grey Owl lived among his beavers,
Watching them through all the seasons,
Watching them from morn till evening
At their work near to his cabin.
In the evening by the river,
When the deep red sun was setting
Making all the water coloured
With its bright and vivid sunset,
Old Grey Owl would sit there painting,
Painting his canoe of Birch-bark—
Sometimes making clothes of deer-skin
While he sat there in the twilight.
All the time while he was working
Round him played his two pet beavers.
When the harvest moon shone brightly
Sitting there they'd have their supper.
Then to bed inside the cabin
Till there dawned another morning.

J. M. R. (Shell).

Waste Paper.

"Ooh!" gasped little Mrs. Jones to her companion Mrs. Smith, "I 'ave let meself in for it and no mistake."

Someone in the village had lent a fair sized shed in which waste paper could be dumped. As yet none of the paper had been sorted out, and in the middle of the floor stood a huge pile containing anything from magazines to Christmas decorations, all jumbled together. By an unfortunate mistake a small magazine, belonging to Mr. Jones, of which he was very fond, had been accidentally taken to the paper dump.

"'Ee got real 'ot over it," confided Mrs. Jones, "and wot's more, 'ee said I must find it, even if I 'ad to stay 'ere all night." Mrs. Jones spent another heated five minutes, during which time Mr. Jones certainly was not complimented. The two women then started turning over this and that, and burrowing in the mound. At last Mrs. Smith suggested trying round at the back of the pile. There happened to be a number of magazines round at the back. Mrs. Smith was soon turning over the pages of a "Woman's Journal."

"Come and look at this 'ere lovely frock—just suit my Betty for walking out on a Sunday."

"Ow! well I never," screamed Mrs. Jones joyfully, "'eers the magazine with the end of that serial story I was telling you about—the one where 'ee was just going' to elope with Pearl—she was lovely—platinum blonde 'air an' all, she 'ad."

Mrs. Smith was already engrossed in another story. Silence reigned at the back of the pile. Occasionally one of the two sniffed, or wiped her eyes, but neither heard the Scouts entering with a fresh load of paper. Unfortunately, when the first sackful was emptied it did not land right in top of the pile—it went over the far side.

To the Scouts' horror, smothered screams of "'Elp!" "Germans!" and "Bombs!" came from under the newly emptied paper, and two very angry women then emerged. At last they finished their scolding, and left.

"'Arry can just find 'is own magazine," said Mrs. Jones in a determined voice, "had me nearly killed and all!"

J. E. R. (Upper V).

To a Low Flying Bomber Flying over the School.

O wondrous 'plane,
That broke into our hour of concentration,
Come back again
And hush these scratching nibs with thy vibration.

Thy shining wings
Have flown to leave the heavens dull and dreary
Thy coming brings
Bright interludes of joy to all the weary.

The air is still,
But, hark! my prayers have not been in vain,
The air doth fill
With the running, racing engines once again.

All heads have turned
That they may view this 'lion' of the skies,
Hard work is spurned,
For that awe-inspiring monster as it flies.

Onward it flies
Its silvery wings with many glories lit,
Into the skies
Perhaps to down a Heinkel or a Messerschmitt.

L. QUINEY (Lower V).

My First Ride on a Donkey.

I shall always remember my first ride on a donkey. I went to visit my friend who had written a letter to me stating she had something to show me. When I arrived at her house I was very greatly surprised to find she had a very charming little donkey. To my delight she offered me a very playful looking puppy if I could ride this donkey.

After she had harnessed it I mounted. For a time the donkey remained stubborn, but as soon as she saw a horse and cart coming along the road she started—at a fast trot.

We galloped along the road until we came to a pond. There were some ducks swimming in it, and as we approached the pond the donkey increased speed and stopped suddenly at the edge. I was rescued from my plight by a farm labourer. Then I caught the donkey and led it to my friend's house, where I changed my clothes and had my tea. I was also given the puppy.

JEAN HORSEMAN (Form III).

The Sentinels.

Sprawling on my favourite stretch of hillside, with my face cupped in my hands and a book between my elbows, I let my eyes traverse the valley and wander over the hamlet nestling in its depth, to the oak trees on the distant hillside, silhouetted against the summery sky, now aflame with the golden tinted hues of the setting sun.

The Oaks of Osthorpe. The centuries-old trees that grew so weirdly in lines down from the crest of the hill to the foot. Whether they had been placed there by hands long dead, or whether they were some phenomenon of nature, no one, not even the most learned 'ists and 'ologists in the land were able to tell. What stories could the trees reveal, knowing yet unknown? They who had known the gladnesses and the sadnesses, the rejoicings and forebodings of the villagers; they who had received the unfulfilled threats of Philip and of Bony, and still blossomed and shed their leaves on the hillside—what would they remember of our age? Would they remember a paper-hanger of Vienna who for one brief moment swayed the history of the world, or some 'Decline and Fall of the British Empire?'

. . . but no, there could not, there must not be any 'or' . . .

'Ghostly it grows, and darker, the burning
Fades into smoke, and now the gusty oaks are
A silent army of phantoms thronging
A land of shadows.' (Masefield.)

K. M. WILSON (Upper IV).

Doing our Bit.

The Scotsman loves the thistle,
The Englishman the rose,
The Irishman the shamrock;
But everybody knows
They are all joined together
In one large fighting band,
To fight for the freedom
Of this our native land.
Everyone is in it:
The workers near and far
Turning out munitions
To help to win this war.
If everyone will help to save
Proudly the Union Jack will wave.

PORTMAN ii (Lower IV).

Olla Podrida.

Economy in war-time—"She greeted him with half a smile," translates F. H.

It's a glorious life in the Navy: M.P. informs us that "The British Fleet was at sea for its midday exercises, which were greatly appreciated by all the men."

"Cut to the quick," a learned member of Lower Fourth tells us means, "Tell me quickly."

The masculine of mare, writes R. A. P., is Stalin.

"Brevity," announces M. W., "is the sole of wit."

A budding author of the Middle School believes in taking things literally. She tells us that "the ships were manned by skeleton crews that were half starved."

An Adventure at Sea.

A tiny motor-launch went chugging over the bay at a little port carrying some sailors to their fishing-trawler. Up comes the anchor, and it moves off with black smoke belching forth from its single funnel. Up in the wheelhouse the skipper is talking with the mate. "Brr!" It's cold," says that worthy. "Oh! we shall hit some dirty weather soon," and it was not long before the trawler was pitching and tossing like a cork. After the storm passed the mate said to the skipper, "I beg to report, sir, dinner is served," which accounts for the disappearance of both men. In a few days the trawler reached the fishing ground. After the trawl net had been over the side three times the ship's gunner suddenly yelled, "Submarine on the port bow!" A shell screamed overhead. All at once, however, the submarine seemed disabled, so the trawler's crew jumped aboard the craft and captured its crew. And the reason? The trawler's net got mixed with the submarine's propellers!"

J. GRAY (Remove).

A Conversation in a Kitchen Garden.

There was once a kitchen garden. On one side of it was a field, on the other was a beautiful flower garden. The kitchen-garden had flower borders all the way round, and if you had looked inside these you would have seen rows and rows of vegetables ; there were also many things you couldn't see. On the leaves caterpillars of all sizes and colours, many of them so tiny you might not have noticed them at all, but they were all very busy eating leaves. You would think they would get tired of chewing from morning till evening, but they didn't. Sometimes they talked, even if they had got their mouths full.

That day a black and yellow caterpillar, that one day would become a large cabbage butterfly, was the first to speak. He and some others had stripped a cabbage leaf until it looked like a skeleton. "Bother," he said, "there's nothing else worth eating on this leaf now. I shall have to move. What a waste of time ! They ought to have one huge leaf to cover the whole garden." "It's a nuisance," said a tiger-moth caterpillar, "but it isn't as if we shall always be caterpillars."

"Who says we shan't ?" asked a lime-hawk caterpillar.

"Lots of people," replied the other. "They say I shall be a beautiful creature with lovely coloured wings."

"I don't believe it," replied the lime-hawk caterpillar, who was rather grumpy. "Then you ought to," piped up a painted-lady caterpillar. "I often dream about it. You go into a case called a chrysalis and one morning you wake up to find yourself with wings."

"And what about eating ?" asked a cabbage caterpillar. "Shall we have big appetites then ?"

"Oh no," said the painted lady, "We just play with flowers." "Then I don't want to be a butterfly," he said. "I just want to stay here and eat and eat."

"I don't see how you are going to fit me into a chrysalis," said a fat puss-moth caterpillar.

"It's the flying I don't understand," said the cabbage caterpillar. "Why, I can't jump an inch."

Just then a lovely Red Admiral came sailing overhead.

"Shall we ever be like you ?" they all chorused.

"Perhaps, if you are very good," he answered.

The painted lady caterpillar then said, "Well, he didn't say we shouldn't." "And he didn't say we should," snapped the cabbage caterpillar.

"Anyway, time will show," said the tiger moth caterpillar.

They all agreed that was the best plan, then set to work to make up for lost time.

M. PRIOR (Lower IV.)

The Cadet Corps.

The announcement that the Cadet Corps is at last to be formed has aroused much interest amongst the boys in the upper Forms. The proposal to start a Corps was first put forward at the end of last summer term, but the outbreak of war, with the 'black-out' and other difficulties, made it impossible to continue with the arrangements. These obstacles have now been overcome and the Corps held its first parade on July 1st.

The Corps is affiliated to the British National Cadet Association, which has for its object 'to give mental, moral and physical training to boys and so to form their characters as to enable them to start well in life, to develop in them principles of patriotism and good citizenship; and to enable them, in the event of national emergency, to take their places in the defence of their home and country.' The training consists partly of drill movements and partly of instruction in subjects such as signalling, field work, and so on. Two parades are to be held each week, one taking the place of a 'gym' lesson. It is hoped to erect a miniature range in the school grounds as soon as conditions permit, and to give each cadet a short course of shooting practice.

The unit has been given the official title of 'The Alcester Grammar School Cadet Corps,' and is attached to the 7th Battn. of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. In the first instance, membership is to be open to boys of 14 and over in Forms down to Upper Fourth. About 25 boys have already been enrolled. The unit will be under the command of Mr. Hall, and the other officers are to be Mr. Jackson and Mr. Compton. Each year the Corps will be inspected by an Officer nominated by the Cadet Association in order that it may be recognised by the War Office as efficient. The school looks to the initial members to build up a good standard of work and keenness during the next twelve months so that the first inspection next Summer term may be worthy of the A.G.S.

National Savings.

The girls' group had a 39 per cent. membership at the end of the financial year, and had collected £16 6s. 6d.

Miss Weatherup succeeded Miss Kanaar as secretary in April, and the membership has now increased to 59 per cent. A splendid effort has been made by the group, which has now saved £114 12s. 6d. 118 Certificates have been bought.

The boys' group has now increased its membership to 44. This represents approximately a 50 per cent. membership. It has frequently been pointed out that we cannot afford to do anything at half pressure to-day, and it is to be hoped that it will not be long before every boy is a member. The lower part of the school is well represented, which augurs well for the new school year. From the inception of the group to March 31st, £11 19s. 6d. was collected and four certificates bought. This financial year £31 9s. 6d. has been collected and 44 certificates purchased. In addition £2 16s. worth of stamps was presented in lieu of medals at the Sports. The group issued two of its certificates to the Victor Ludorum.

The whole school was recently addressed on the question of saving by a representative of the movement. It was impressed upon the boys and girls that savings certificates were a sound investment and a valuable help to the country.

Scouts.

SCOUTMASTER—Mr. E. S. Walker.

There were few meetings of the Scouts before half-term owing to the sports work. Nevertheless on Sports Day five First Class badges were presented to: Collins i, Mahoney, Portman; Collins ii and Walker; and also National Service badges were given to Devey, Collins i, Mahoney and Walker, who are A.R.P. messengers.

Owing to the War no Scout Outing was held this year, but we hope to be able to have several whole Friday afternoons, at the end of term, when we can go out. The collection of waste paper is progressing satisfactorily, and several more loads have been taken away.

S. K. W.

Football, 1939-40.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
				For	Against
8	4	2	2	38	26

Tennis.

CAPTAIN—M. Crompton.

The school was very unfortunate this year in losing Mrs. Adams, the girls' games mistress. Miss Phillips has, however, very kindly consented to coach the girls in tennis. This term we have only two fixtures, one against Bromsgrove, and the other against Redditch. The match against Bromsgrove has already been played; the result was as follows:

	Sets against	Sets for
Alcester v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (won)	4	5

The school has been represented by the following: M. Crompton (captain), D. Horseman, M. Winwood, B. Dew, C. Stanley, J. Cowper.

M. C.

Cricket.

CAPTAIN—Collins i.

In spite of the circumstances, the Cricket XI has been fortunate in securing the usual fixtures, and in all matches so far played has maintained a high standard of play.

In our first match of the season, against the Old Scholars, played under adverse conditions, the school was narrowly defeated, both sides obtaining unusually low scores. However, the team played extremely well against Stratford, securing a well-earned victory. After twice defeating Redditch by eight wickets in successive games, we were beaten by a narrow margin by Warwick; in this match the batting was not as strong as in previous matches. It improved however in the game with King's Norton, where time robbed us of a possible victory. We look forward to the rest of the season with confidence.

Results :—	For	Against
A.G.S. v. Old Scholars (home), lost	26	28 for 9
v. Parents (home), drawn,	93 for 9 (dec.)	40 for 6
v. Stratford K.E.G.S. (home), won,	71	55
v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), won,	43 for 2	41
v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), won,	24 for 2	23
v. Warwick School 2nd XI (away), lost,	53	54 for 8
v. King's Norton S.S. (away), drawn,	63 for 5	92 for 4 (dec)
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won,	35 for 3	34
v. Stratford K.E.G.S. (away), won,	23 for 1	22

Sides matches.

Tomtits, 75 for 8 (dec.) v. Jackals, 13; Brownies 81 for 5 (dec.) v. Jackals 47; Tomtits, 61 for 4 v. Brownies 60.

Hockey, 1939-1940.

				Goals	
Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
3	2	-	1	12	5

For the Juniors.**My Chickens.**

One Saturday a long time ago I went to Redditch and brought two baby chickens. When we got home I put them in a box and gave them some bran.

When they were older we gave them lettuce leaves and cabbage leaves, and we put them in a hutch. They had a small run at first, but Daddy made them a bigger one about three weeks ago.

KEMPSTER (Form I).

The Elf's Adventure.

Once upon a time there was a little elf who lived in a little house on the edge of a wood. One day while out hunting he met the wild cat who saw the little elf, and pounced upon it. The little elf screamed with fright, but the cat let go, for she was frightened of the noise which the elf made. Then he took to his heels and ran home as fast as he could go. D. ROSE (Form I).